

ACREAGE PRUNING QUESTION BEFORE NATIONAL GRANGE

Program Which Will Not Hurt Southern States Is Asked by S. Carolina Master—Action Next Week

BOISE, Ida., Nov. 17.—(AP)—The National Grange was called upon today to endorse an acreage reduction program that would not throw an unfair burden upon southern states.

The resolution was introduced by D. B. Anderson, state master of South Carolina, who declared for a reduction of acreage as suggested by National Master Louis J. Taber in his annual address yesterday. Anderson tagged it with a request, however, that it take into consideration the fact that southern states already had reduced their cotton acreage and urged that any blanket acreage curtailment not taking note of this would work a hardship on cotton growers.

Wants Fair Program. A part of his resolution specified that whatever system of acreage reduction was adopted should make provision that land taken from production in one commodity should not be permitted to go again into production of other commodities to the extent of causing additional distress.

Action on the resolutions, Master Taber said, likely will not come before the first of next week. He expected a series of other resolutions to come in bearing on what he considered the "three vital methods" before the Grange and the country.

These he listed as money, rural credit and agricultural adjustment. In his own address yesterday Taber urged expansion of the currency. "I call it inflation," he said.

Lower Interest Aim. He declared lower interest will be demanded by the Grange if it follows previous actions, and described this as essential to agricultural recovery. He considered it unlikely any specific rate of interest will be suggested.

Agricultural adjustment matters are "still in a nebulous state," he said, as far as Grange action on them is concerned.

"The Grange demands that control of agriculture come back to commodity cooperatives rather than be left in the hands of bureaucratic authority," he said, and urged bringing this about, he said, have not yet been suggested in resolutions.

Advocated the appointment of Henry Morgenthau as head of the treasury, Master Taber sent a telegram to President Roosevelt congratulating him on his selection. "The appointment," he said, "seems to meet the approval of the delegate body."

NRA WILL PROBE GOUGHING CHARGE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—(AP)—The NRA hopes next month to prove or disprove oft-heard assertions that profiteering merchants and manufacturers are gouging the public.

Public hearings on the question will start December 12 with only the industries under NRA codes subjected to scrutiny. At these hearings, the NRA announced, any person who submits charges that he or she paid more than increased costs justified. Those complained against also may be heard. Those desiring to appear personally must notify Deputy Administrator Arthur D. Whitely by December 2.

HIGHWAY DEATHS MOUNT IN MONTH

SALEM, Ore., Nov. 17.—(AP)—October fatalities on the highways mounted to 27, exceeding the October of last year by eight deaths, the secretary of state announced here today. The year's total fatalities up to November stood at 199, 10 more than at the same time last year.

Total accidents for the month were 1905 compared to 1938 a year ago, but the year's number of accidents as well as injuries from automobile accidents decreased. Total for the year stood at 15,847, while injuries, augmented by 385 in October, mounted to 3394.

EVANGELIST SERVICES AT FREE METHODIST

Franklin services began last evening in the Free Methodist church, with Rev. Harry Back, the "Newboy Evangelist," in charge.

PRIVATE AUTOS PAY REGISTRY FEE BULK

SALEM, Ore., Nov. 17.—(AP)—Private passenger car receipts led in motor vehicle registration fees collected July 1 to October 31, the secretary of state's office reported today.

Bosses Liquidation



C. B. Merriam, a director of the Consolidated Finance corporation, was appointed to head the newly created deposit liquidation board, intended to release millions of frozen assets in closed banks. (Associated Press Photo)

EXEMPTIONS FOR SOME MILLS NOT FAIR TO OTHERS

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 17.—(AP)—More than 12,000 men have been returned to work in the west coast lumber industry at increased wages since the lumber code authority allocated restricted operating time among 346 mills, it was said here today by E. A. Seifridge, assistant deputy administrator.

The 12,000 men have been added, he said, despite the fact that two-shift mills have been restricted to one shift.

"Restricting these mills to one shift was necessary," Seifridge said, "in order that the code authority carry out the request of the administration to spread the maximum number of operating hours among the widest area."

"It would be unfair to allow longer operating hours to one locality, and so curtail operation and employment in another locality."

Commenting on the suit filed this week in federal court by the Willamette Valley Lumber company of Dallas to obtain an injunction restraining the lumber code authority from enforcing production restrictions, Seifridge said: "The company has full latitude to operate two shifts if in the aggregate its production of lumber does not exceed the equivalent of 30 hours in actual operating time per week."

CRUISER CHRISTENER WILL BE DESCENDANT OF ASTORIA FOUNDER

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 17.—(AP)—When Miss Lella C. McKay breaks a bottle of champagne against the steel stem of the 10,000-ton cruiser "Astoria" at Puget Sound navy yard December 16, the founders of the city of Astoria will act through her.

Miss McKay is a great-granddaughter of Alexander McKay, partner of John Jacob Astor, in his attempt to found a great fur empire in the Pacific northwest.

Alexander McKay went to Astoria in 1811 aboard the ship Tonquin which carried the Astor party that founded the post. McKay left his 16-year-old son, Thomas, at Astoria while he proceeded north to Nootka sound in the Tonquin. He was killed when the ship was up in an attack by the savage Indians of the sound region.

Thomas McKay, Miss McKay's grandfather, served the post at Astoria until it was seized by the British in the war of 1813. He then entered the service of Hudson's Bay Fur company.

Miss McKay, who today received word of her appointment by the secretary of the navy to christen the ship, was born at The Dalles. Her father was Dr. William Cameron McKay. The family moved to Pendleton, and Miss McKay came to Portland about 30 years ago.

Presbyterians at Phoenix Host For Grangers Sunday

Ladies Aid met in the church parlors Thursday to discuss plans for entertaining the Crater Lake Christian Endeavor convention December 1, 2 and 3.

Sunday, November 19, is Grange day at the church. All Grangers are requested to meet at the Grange Hall at 10:30 and go to the church in a body. Sermon topic will be "Fidelity to Every Worthy Purpose." At the close of the morning service there will be a basket dinner in the church dining room for everyone. Each family is requested to bring a basket dinner and table service. A program is being planned for the afternoon by Mrs. Elva Caser, Grange lecturer. This will include several violin numbers, quartet numbers, a welcome by Henry W. Frame of the church session, a response by O. C. Maust, master of the Grange, and community singing led by Vaughn Quackenbush.

Pendleton Voting. PENDLETON, Ore., Nov. 16.—(AP)—Pendleton voters were today balloting on a bond issue of \$200,000, to be used for constructing a junior high school building should a federal grant and loan be secured for construction purposes.

FOREIGNERS SELL AMERICAN BONDS AS DOLLAR DROPS

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—(AP)—Foreigners are converting dollar investments into dollar goods, according to international bankers.

In other words, holders of American liberty bonds in Paris, as they see the dollar go down, sell their bonds and buy American automobiles, or American machinery.

The American holder of a liberty bond is not much concerned about the declining dollar in the foreign exchange market, since the fixed interest he receives will buy about as much here as it would before.

The holder in Paris, however, who holds, for instance, a four per cent American bond of \$1000 par value, will get a \$20 semi-annual interest payment which is worth only little more than 300 French francs, against a trifle over 400 French francs a few months ago, when the dollar was at par.

That hurts. So foreign holders of gilt-edged American bonds have been selling them. This has been one of the depressing factors in the bond market in the past few days.

On the other hand, some exporters are beginning to note an increased demand for American goods from abroad. While the confusion in the foreign exchange markets makes it difficult to do business, they say that the dollar has fallen to such levels that dollar prices of goods are becoming bargain prices to Europeans.

NURSE POISONED PATIENT, CHARGE

PORTLAND, Nov. 17.—(AP)—A charge of first degree murder was today filed against Mrs. A. Henrietta Vollbrecht, who nursed Herman Herbers, 72, the last few days before his death, October 28, in a Vancouver, Wash., hospital.

The complaint, signed by a son of Herbers, charges that Mrs. Vollbrecht, also known as Henrietta Ayers, "of deliberate and premeditated malice did kill Herman Herbers by administering to him poison." The date of the alleged defense was given as October 14.

A search for the accused woman was undertaken immediately. At the request of physician and Herbers, who was considered wealthy, died of an ulcerated intestine produced by some chemical agent.

DISBANDING OF SALEM DRUM CORPS OPPOSED

SALEM, Ore., Nov. 17.—(AP)—Opposition to disbandment of the Salem American Legion drum corps, once national champion, was voted by the American War Mothers of Oregon at their annual convention, which closed here last night.

Mrs. Daniel T. Penney of Portland, state president of the war mothers, pleaded in a letter to Capital that the corps be kept active as "an inspiration to this state." Before leaving for the national convention, the drum corps announced it would disband when it returned. However, it still retains its identity.

FIRST LADY YEARNS TO FLY OWN PLANE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—(AP)—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt has ambitions to become a flier, having grown tired of sitting behind and watching someone else handle the controls.

In deference to the president's wishes, however, the first lady is going to wait until she becomes a private citizen again before undertaking to learn.

Wholesale Prices Continue Upward

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—(AP)—The labor department said today its index of wholesale prices again moved upward during the week ended November 11.

The index number was given as 112.3, as compared with 70.7 for the week of November 4. The year 1929 is used as 100.

FORBIDDEN VALLEY

by William Byron Mowery

Chapter 1 ROSALIE AGAIN



HE hotel manager glanced up, stared for a moment at the weather-bronzed man beside the registry desk, then suddenly recognized him.

"Why, how d'you do, Mr. Tennyson! I didn't know you at first, you've changed so. Glad to have you with us again, sir."

His tones implied that a man who had been down in the far North hunting wolves by plane over the snow wastes of the Great Barrens, was lucky to be back in Edmonton alive.

"Mr. Desplaines is with you, I suppose. Would you like something nice, a three-room suite?"

"Make it one room," Curt bade, for he had less than fifty dollars and his partner had nothing. He signed for himself and Smash Desplaines.

"By the way, Lacelle, will you ask the desk clerk to phone around where A. K. Marlin is staying? Superintendent Marlin of the Mounted

face almost as dark as an Indian's. There was a quiet power about him which set him off from other adventurers of the North who occasionally appeared in the capital for a day or two. They were usually breezy, robust, likable; he was poker-faced and silent, with an air of cold aloofness that repelled people.

UPSTAIRS in his room, Curt glanced out the window into the hotel court where the golden June sun lay like a benediction over the flower beds and promenade; and he marveled at the contrast between his world of today and his world of yesterday.

Today an elite hotel, snowy lines, a gleaming bath, servants at the push of a button; while yesterday at that same hour he and Smash and Paul St. Clair had been frying a whitefish for breakfast on the lonely muddy shore of Great Slave Lake!

After his year of absence he had looked forward eagerly to visiting the city again, but now that he actually was back he felt disappointed. The city jarred on him, with its mountains and blue lakes and foot-loose freedom, had become his home, and it drew him back like the arms of a loved one. After his harsh years abroad and his seven un-

"I'm—I'm almost afraid of you. You're like a breath right out of the North!"

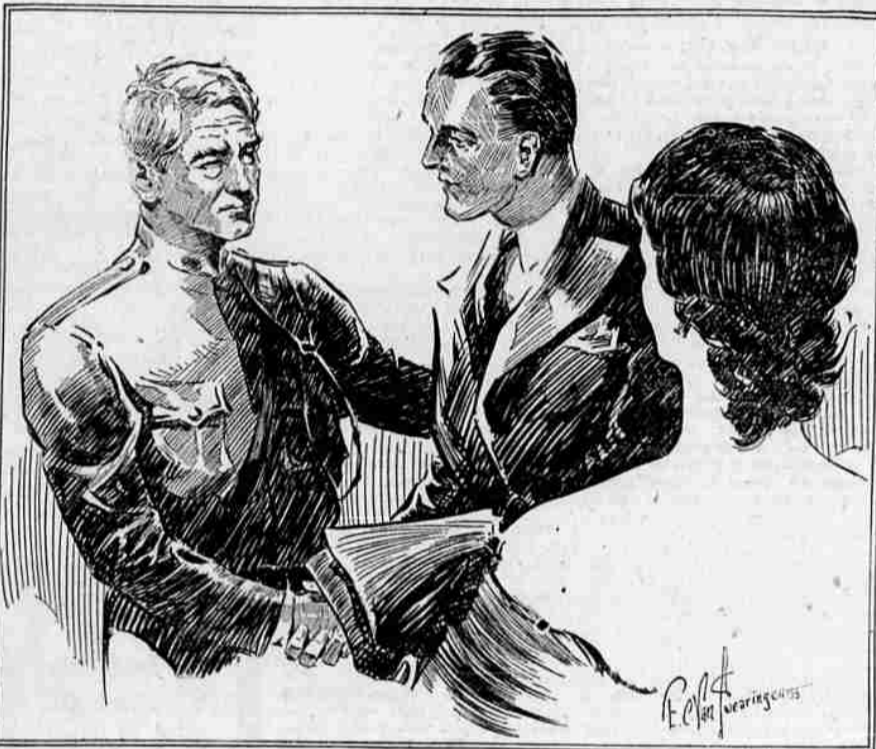
"And you"—he held her off at arm's length and surveyed her—"you're looking sweeter than ever, Rosalie. And still hitting off the old fast pace, I see."

He gestured at the disordered room which spoke of her return from some party late last night—her cape and dancing pumps flung one way, a corsage of red roses on the floor, her silk frock lying where she had stepped out of it. "Where's A-K—still asleep?"

"No. He got up early and went over to visit the detachment here in town. He'll be back any time. Let's sit down." She put ash-try and matches between them on the divan.

"I'm dying for a big long talk. Your letters were as stinky as catfish from Borneo. Tell me all about everything—your wolf-hunting, prospecting, this job the Consolidated offered you, how long you're going to be in Edmonton, and—just everything."

CURT grinned at her tumbling questions. It was good to be chatting with Rosalie again. She was like Smash Desplaines, carefree, pleasant, a good companion for light-hearted hours. He had long since



Superintendent Marlin came into the room.

Police. He was to get in from Vancouver yesterday.

"He and Miss Rosalie are right here with us, Mr. Tennyson. That reminds me"—Lacelle turned and reached a letter from the mail rack—"the superintendent asked me to hand you this when you registered. If you're having conferences with him, I'll give you a room near his suite."

Curt ripped the envelope and read Marlin's letter. It was brief, puzzling.

As a wireless you at Fort Resolution, Rosalie and I'll be in Edmonton for several days; and I'd like to see you as soon as you come in from Great Slave. I hear that the Consolidated Minerals have offered you a job. Don't let it slip with them. I've got a proposition of some importance to talk over with you.—A-K.

Curt frowned uneasily as he read the note again. Just what was this "proposition"? Hardly a bid for him to rejoin the Mounted Police; A-K surely knew he would never go back into the Force. "Utmost importance"—when A-K said that, it meant something extraordinary.

With a slight limp, his relic of a war-time crack-up, he crossed the lobby to the elevator where a bell-hop was waiting with his key and duff bag.

A number of people, loitering over their morning newspapers, looked up, saw him, followed him with interested curious glances. His rough flying clothes and the goggled helmet in his hand told them he was an aviator. Thirty-two or -three, he was only medium tall but as hard as a range wolf, with lean jaw, thin ascetic lips and hawk-sharp gray eyes.

Exposure to summer sun and winter woolly-whipper had weathered his

pleasant years in the Mounted, he had come into sunlit happiness down north. Though he had been in Edmonton only an hour, he already wished he were in his plane again and heading down the Athabasca, Slave and broad Mackenzie to the musk-ox prairies and white-wolf mountains of the sub-Arctic.

Curious to know what A-K wanted of him so urgently, he bathed and shaved, changed to his "civilized" clothes, and stepped down the corridor to the Marlin suite.

At his knock he heard a quick tripping footstep; the door opened an inch or two; he had a glimpse of Rosalie Marlin, her eyes still heavy with sleep, the candelabra behind her shimmering in her lovely amber hair. He had caught her in an amusing negligee—one, check, a dressing robe flung hastily about her shoulders.

The pretty frown on her face vanished instantly when she saw who had knocked. "Curt!" she cried, opening the door wide. "You? Five minutes ago I was dreaming about you, and here you are!" She flung her arms about him and stood tip-toe for his hug and kiss. "When did you get in? Why didn't you wireless to me? Why didn't you give me a ring just now, so you wouldn't catch me like this?"

"Was mean of me," Curt admitted, patting her disheveled hair. "Smash and I just got in. Our plane is out at Cooking Lake. We left Athabasca at two this morning."

Rosalie whistled. "Six hundred miles, before other people are up! In the old days that same trip used to take Dad from Christmas till February!" She drew him in, shut the door with a deft touch of her toe. "Curt, you're looking so keen!

realized that he did not love her very wildly, but he had gone thirty-two years without meeting a girl he liked better than Rosalie Marlin, and he was a bit cynical about finding any "ideal" person.

Rosalie was undeniably pretty, she had the charm of youth and glowing health, she was intensely alive; and the bond between her father and himself was already as strong as a blood relationship. Besides all that, she fitted exquisitely into the new and pleasant way of life which had been his during the past year.

"The wolf hunting," he answered her questions categorically, "was great; we bagged more than three hundred, and got nine thousand dollars bounty on 'em, but with gas at five to fifteen dollars a gallon down in that country, we just about broke even. The prospecting last summer and this spring was like most prospecting—a lot of hopes but not much luck."

"This Consolidated offer, it's pretty nice. The Consolidated is prospecting that country by air, and their field manager just got killed in a crack-up, so they offered me the place. I'd have ten machines and about sixty men in my charge."

Curt thought her question rather pointed. "Well, yes—seventy-five hundred a year."

Before he could ask her what this "proposition" of her father's was the door opened and Superintendent Marlin, a ruddy-faced man of sixty with iron-gray hair and tired, stooped shoulders, came into the room.

THE GRANGE

PHOENIX, Nov. 17.—(Spl.)—Phoenix Grange met Tuesday night with a large attendance of members present. Election of officers, the main item of business, resulted as follows: Master, O. C. Maust, re-elected; overseer, Bill Logan; lecturer, Vaughn Quackenbush; steward, Ed Loffer; assistant steward, Ed Stillwell; chaplain, Ralph S. Peterson; treasurer, Fay Carver; secretary, Florence Drake; gatekeeper, Orlin Caster; Orlin Mabel Quackenbush; Pomona, Flora Mars; Myrtle Ferns, lady assistant steward, Lois Stillwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hockersmith and Mrs. Myrtle Ferns were given obligations in the first and second degrees. Mr. and Mrs. Hockersmith are life members. Mrs. Ferns is a former member now rejoining the Grange.

Attention was called to "Grange Sunday," next Sunday, November 19, when members of the Grange will attend the morning session of the Presbyterian church here.

All Grange members meet at the Grange hall at 10:30, and go in a body to the church building, where a session will be reserved by them. At the close of the church hour basket dinner will be served jointly with the Grange and church members. During the afternoon, following the dinner and a period of time in which all will become acquainted, a short program will be given, participated in by both church and Grange members. The program has been prepared by the lecturer of the Grange.

All Grange members are asked to bear this date and plans in mind and attend Sunday.

Two visitors present from the Eagle Point Grange were Mr. and Mrs. Spencer.

Plans were discussed for securing new members before the next meeting of the Grange.

Long Mountain

LONG MOUNTAIN, Nov. 17.—(Spl.)—Mr. and Mrs. Roy Smith called at the Nick Young home Sunday.

Glenn Lanning, who has been here for three years, left Saturday morning for his home in Ohio, where his mother is in poor health.

Mrs. Eva Nichols, of Eagle Point and Pearl's Showell are helping George Stowell build a shed on his farm.

Pears Yesterday

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—(AP)—U. S. D. A.—Pear auction market, prices slightly weaker. Arrived, by boat, 161 Oregon cars, 10 California; by train, 3 cars; 3 Oregon cars, 3 Calif. forms, 1 Washington, unloaded; 20 cars on track.

Oregon Boxes: 1,705 boxes, extra fancy, \$1.75@2.20, average \$2; fancy, \$1.55@2.15, average \$1.78.

Washington D'Anjous: 1,855 boxes, extra fancy, \$1.70@2.05, average \$1.85; unclassified, \$1.45@1.75, average \$1.55.

CHICAGO, Nov. 16.—(AP)—U. S. D. A.—Pear auction market: five Washington cars arrived; 8 cars on track; 2 cars sold.

Feet Creek

FOOTS CREEK, Nov. 17.—(Spl.)—Several tracts of the Champlin El Oro ranch has been sold and the owners are building homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bates of Rogue River were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Griggs November 12.

L. L. Smith of Sardinia creek was visiting at Riviera November 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Boomslifter of Grants Pass spent November 12 with Mr. and Mrs. M. Boomslifter.

How did you get this data? asked Marlin.

ally as in spirit. As head of Intelligence for the western divisions, he had led a hard life, fraternizing with gangster circles, following trails to European capitals, and living for months with the narcotic traffickers on the west coast.

"Three years of that work usually put a man on the rocks; but Tennyson had been in daily contact with it, and the very worst of it, for seven years. Besides nearly wrecking his health, it had distorted his whole outlook. He had seen so much of crime, he had looked down into depths of depravity so long and so steadily, that he had lost faith in human virtues."

"Thank God, you've come out of it, son!" Marlin thought fervently. For he saw that Curt had completely shaken off that malaise. A year in the far North prospecting, flying, hunting the gray phantom pike, had put him in shape again.

"Haven't had breakfast, Curt?" he asked. "Neither have I. Let's go down. We can talk there." He took a document from a locked brief case and thrust it into his pocket. "Rosalie'll excuse us; she has hers sent up."

AS they went down the corridor he inquired, "What sort of an offer did the Consolidated make you?"

"Oh, nothing to write home about," Curt stalled, wanting to find out first what Marlin's "proposition" was. "It's just fair, and rather unexpected."

"When would you have to be on the job with them?"

"By the end of this week. The ice is out now, and the summer in that country is so short that every day counts."

Marlin said nothing more just then. They went down to the breakfast room, found a window table to themselves. When the waiter had brought their coffee and taken their order, Marlin dropped a lump of sugar into his cup and thoughtfully watched the bubbles come up.

gave out that he was an Englishman, but he's not. He's a Russian, and his real name is Karakhan, Igor Karakhan. I'll give you a bit of his background; Lord knows it cost us enough work. During the Soviet Revolution in '17 he got out of Russia and went to—"

"Germany," Curt supplied laconically. He had glanced up with sudden interest at the mention of Karakhan's name. Now he smiled at A-K's sudden start. "In Berlin, in 1920," he went on, "Karakhan had a hand in that Engelmeyer money-printing scandal. In Paris he swindled his fellow-emigrants on a confidence game and then cleared out for Buenos Aires—"

"Wait a minute!" A-K gasped. "Why, you must know the man! Where—how—under heaven did you get this data on him?"

"From the Justice Department of the States. I used to trade information with them."

Marlin leaned back, looked at Curt with an amazed eye. "Well! I thought I was pulling something out of the bag that'd be new to you, and then you begin telling me the things about it! D'you know what Karakhan did in the Argentine?" he demanded, as though he expected to stamp Curt.

"Yes, I know, A-K. And I know what he did afterward, too. The League of Nations investigators got too hot after him, so he skipped north to Mexico and ran whisky to Los Angeles. The States nicked him for two schooners, and he came on to Vancouver. I was keeping tab on him there when I burned out and resigned."

Marlin did not speak till the waiter had refilled their water glasses and withdrawn. Then: "I've got a departmental report on him here, but there's no use showing it to you; you know as well as about him already as our men who've worked nine months on the case."

"Let me see it."

Marlin handed over a ten-page dossier. (Copyright, 1933, William B. Mowery)

Tomorrow, Curt takes A-K's request under advisement.